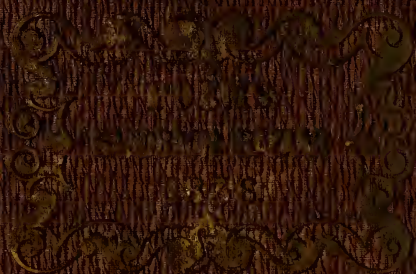


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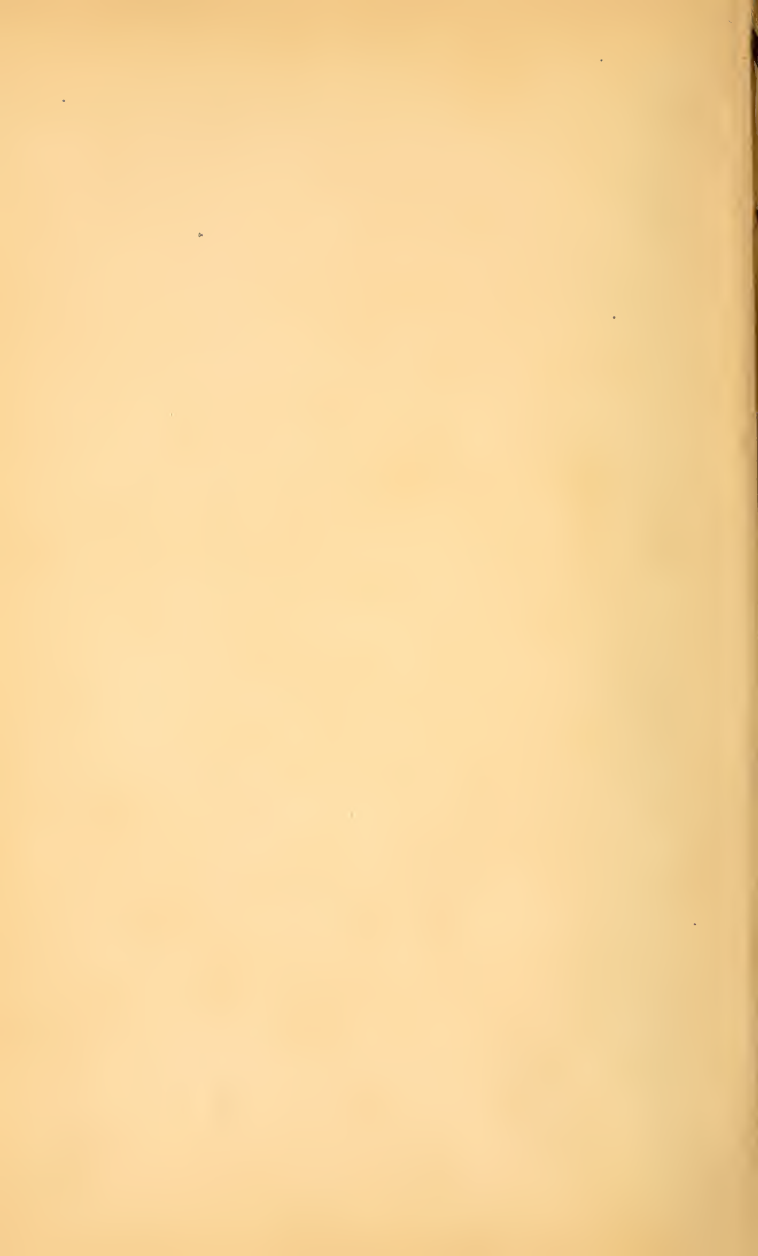
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Anthony Holycross  
The Gift of M. R.

POEMS.



# POEMS,

"

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

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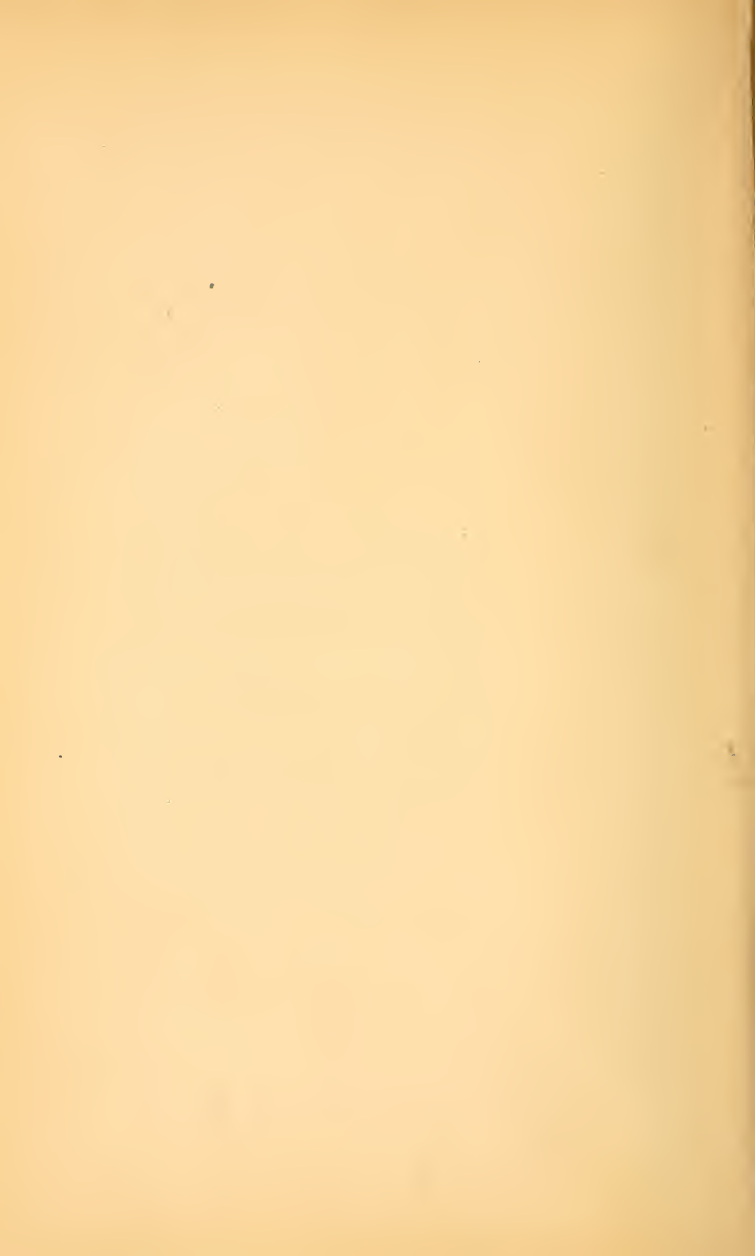


## ADVERTISEMENT.

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It is hoped that, in the neighbourhood where the subject of the opening Poem of this collection was so universally beloved and lamented, this little Volume will derive an interest from local circumstances which it might otherwise want.

The Poems have been printed at the request of the principal promoter of a Bazaar, to be held at Sandbach, in aid of a fund for the building of two Chapels in populous and remote districts of that Parish; and if the publication should in any measure contribute to so laudable an object, every wish of the Writer will be fulfilled.



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## THOUGHTS

ON THE DEATH OF THE REVEREND EDWARD ROYDS,

LATE RECTOR OF BRERETON.

---

WHY through yon hamlet, wheresoe'er we stray,  
Do signs of sadness meet us on the way ?  
Why, as we pass, where all was joy before,  
Sits sorrow brooding at each cottage door ?  
Why starts the tear unbidden from each eye ?  
Why heaves each bosom with a boding sigh ?  
Will Heaven in pity yet avert the blow,  
Yet hear, and save us from the impending woe ;  
And from the bed of sickness and of pain  
Give the loved Pastor to his flock again ?

It may not be ; the last faint hope is fled,  
 His gentle spirit to its home has sped !  
 Oh ! could their prayers to whom that life was dear,  
 The mingled prayers of all who knew him here,  
 Poured forth with fervour from each bursting heart,  
 Have aught availed to stay the fatal dart,  
 He still had lived ; and ye who loved him best,  
 Wife, children, parent, brothers, still been blest !  
 Nor they, long used his fostering love to share,  
 Sheep of his fold, and objects of his care,  
 Who now, alas ! the mournful privilege crave  
 To rear a fond memorial o'er his grave,\*  
 Been doomed to weep, as frequent there they bend,  
 At once their teacher, pattern, guide, and friend.

Yes ! he is gone ! nor shall we more behold  
 Those features, cast in nature's finest mould ;  
 But who shall e'er forget that once had seen  
 His graceful form and mild, attractive mien,

\* The parishioners of Brereton begged and obtained permission to erect a monument to the memory of their late revered Rector.

And all the winning sweetness of that face  
Beaming with love? Some angel for a space  
Seems to have sojourned here in human guise,  
Now but departed to his native skies.  
Oh! while among us he might yet be found,  
How did his presence gladden all around!  
His welcome step each eager sense confessed;  
The ear no sooner heard him than it blessed,  
The eye beheld him, and its witness gave;  
His care the poor, the fatherless to save,  
And who had none to help them; his employ  
To cause the widow's heart to sing for joy.  
For on some kindly purpose ever bent,  
Through his loved hamlet's bounds the good man went;  
Where want, or woe, or sickness asked his aid,  
He soothed the sufferer, with the mourner prayed;  
But still his highest care, his soul's chief aim,  
Was his Redeemer's mercies to proclaim.  
Oh! with what holy fervour did he dwell  
On that blessed theme, those glorious tidings tell;  
Say, ye who heard, with what delight ye hung  
On each sweet accent of that gentle tongue!

While in soft silver tone, distinct and clear,  
 His very voice was music to the ear ;  
 Sublimest truths, in simplest words conveyed,  
 With force resistless every bosom swayed ;  
 The pious teacher sure conviction wrought,  
 His life the mirror of whate'er he taught.

Why, while the wicked flourish through the land,  
 Spared for a season by the Almighty hand,  
 Why should the world of such a man be reft,  
 The wheat be taken and the tares be left ?  
 Why, while so many a useless stock is found,  
 Cumbering with barren worthlessness the ground,  
 Why should this goodly plant, the joy of all,  
 With fruit and foliage crowned, be doomed to fall ?  
 Blind reasoner, cease ! arraign not Heaven's decree,  
 That sure is best which God ordains to be !  
 Some healing balm, which yet we may not know,  
 Is doubtless mingled in this cup of woe ;  
 Some purpose wise, as yet not understood,  
 Was here designed for our eternal good.



Perhaps, that he who taught us how to live,  
 Might by his death as bright a pattern give,  
 And (since no less a sacrifice could buy  
 The holy lesson !) teach us how to die.  
 The martyr's death is glorious, who expires,  
 Faith's dauntless champion, amid torturing fires ;  
 But he, who thus untimely called away  
 In the full strength of manhood's middle day,  
 Beloved of all with love that knew no bound,  
 Blest in his house and store, and richly crowned  
 With every comfort that could life endear,  
 And bind the soul with strong attachments here,  
 Yet, when his Master bade him hence depart,  
 And tear each cherished object from his heart,  
 All this without a murmur could resign,  
 And say, "Thy will be done, O Lord ! not mine."  
*He* to the truth as sure a record bore,  
 And dying sealed the faith he taught before.

No ! they can ne'er forget, who round his bed,  
 (As hope and fear alternate came and fled,)

Watched where that saintlike sufferer meekly lay,  
 Waiting in calmness his appointed day ;  
 That look serene, which spoke the tranquil mind,  
 At peace with God, itself, and all mankind ;  
 That patience, which, to soothe each other breast,  
 The keener anguish of its own suppressed ;  
 That stedfast faith, like some sure anchor cast ;  
 That joyful hope, fresh springing to the last ;  
 And, whilst each christian grace thus brighter shone,  
 That humble trust in merits not his own ;  
 Then, with clasped hands upraised, and kindling eye  
 In meek devotion lifted to the sky,  
 His parting soul to Jesus he resigned,  
 And blessed and prayed for those he left behind.

Dear shade, farewell ! and if we deem aright,  
 That saints departed in yon realms of light  
 Some foretaste of the blissful future know,  
 And thence look down on mortals here below ;  
 Dear sainted spirit ! from those seats divine  
 Vouchsafe on him to cast one look benign,

Who in such numbers as but ill beseem  
The solemn grandeur of so high a theme,  
Has feebly tried, low bending o'er thine urn,  
To paint thy virtues, and thy loss to mourn.  
Oh ! might he hope, by thy example led,  
At humble distance in thy steps to tread,  
Like thee to live, and oh ! like thee to die ;  
Then, though o'er friendship's happiest hours gone by  
He long must sorrow, sweet will be the pain,  
Nor thou have been beloved and lost in vain.



## STANZAS,

PROPOSED TO FORM PART OF AN EPITAPH

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. EDWARD ROYDS,

BUT OMITTED FROM WANT OF ROOM ON THE TABLET.

---

If ever life to all around was dear,

Lamented shade, 't was thine! If ever prayer  
From lips unfeigned was poured and hearts sincere,  
'T was ours to heaven, that precious life to spare!

But who may search the ways of God with man?

Thy soul was ripe for heaven, and Christ in love,  
Though dark to us eternal wisdom's plan,  
Called thee from earth to be a saint above.

And hark ! e'en now from yonder bright abode,  
That voice, which long within these hallowed walls  
From those pure lips with winning sweetness flowed,  
In solemn accents on each mourner calls.

“ Weep not for me ! my trial now is o'er ;  
“ Yours yet remains, to kiss the chastening rod,  
“ Heaven's righteous judgments humbly to adore,  
“ And say, ‘ Thy will, not our's, be done, oh God.’ ”

## PARAPHRASE

OF THE OPENING INVOCATIONS OF THE LITANY.

---

GOD the Father ! by whose power  
Heaven and earth and sea were made,  
And till time's expiring hour  
All creation shall be swayed ;  
Hear us when on thee we call !  
Miserable sinners all !

God the Son ! for man's salvation  
Who thyself the price didst pay,  
Whose atoning expiation  
Our transgressions washed away ;  
Save us, when on thee we call !  
Miserable sinners all !

God the Holy Ghost ! proceeding  
 From the Father and the Son,  
 Who for man art ever pleading,\*  
 Wretched man, by sin undone !  
 Help us, when on thee we call !  
 Miserable sinners all !

Oh ! ineffable Communion !  
 Holy, blessed, glorious Three !  
 Three in One, mysterious union !  
 Undivided Trinity !  
 Oh ! have mercy when we call !  
 Miserable sinners all !

\* Romans viii. 26.—“ But the Spirit maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.”



## PARAPHRASE

OF THE PETITION FROM THE LITANY—

“In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, Good Lord, deliver us.”

---

IN the dark season of distress,  
In peril, want, or woe,  
If friends desert, or foes oppress,  
Or sickness lay me low ;  
If, reft of those I fondly love,  
From earthly ills I flee,  
To seek sweet comfort from above,  
Good Lord, deliver me !

If wealth be mine, from all the snares  
Which riches with them bring,  
From worldly pleasures, worldly cares,  
The soul encumbering ;

From pride, and from that worst offence,  
 Forgetfulness of thee,  
 Whose hand that wealth did first dispense,  
 Good Lord, deliver me !

When on the bed of death, a prey  
 To gloomy thoughts I lie,  
 Or worn by slow disease away,  
 Or racked with agony ;  
 Stung with remorse for what has been,  
 And dreading what shall be  
 When death has closed this mortal scene,  
 Good Lord, deliver me !

And oh ! in that appalling hour,  
 When, clouds around thee spread,  
 Thou comest, arrayed in pomp and power  
 To judge the quick and dead ;  
 When, trembling, shrinking from thy face,  
 Thy servant thou shalt see  
 A suppliant at the throne of grace,  
 Good Lord, deliver me !

VERSION OF PSALM LXXX.

---

SHEPHERD divine of Israel,  
Who Joseph as a sheep dost lead ;  
Who 'twixt the cherubim dost dwell,  
Give ear, and help us in our need !

Before Manasseh as of old  
Go forth, in all thy strength arrayed ;  
Let Benjamin his God behold,  
Nor Ephraim call in vain for aid.

Turn us again, O Lord ! we pray,  
And on our sad and sorrowing soul  
Let thy face shed one cheering ray,  
That we may see it and be whole.

But wilt thou still with anger glow,  
Against our prayer still close thine ears,  
With sorrow make our cup o'erflow,  
And feed us with the bread of tears ?

Still shall our foes in malice vie,  
Who most can spoil us and oppress,  
Who most can mock our misery,  
And laugh to scorn our helplessness ?

Turn us again, O Lord ! we pray,  
And on our sad and sorrowing soul  
Let thy face shed one cheering ray,  
That we may see it and be whole !

Of old, from Egypt's distant shore  
Thou, Lord, a chosen vine didst bear,  
And where the heathen stood before,  
Didst plant, and bid it flourish fair.

There, watered by thy heavenly dew,  
Deep in the earth its roots it wound,  
Its shadow o'er the hills it threw,  
And filled the land on all sides round.

Like goodly cedar-tree, her head  
She lifted high above the plain,  
Her branches o'er the river spread,  
And stretched them to the farthest main.

Why hast thou then her hedge o'erthrown,  
And left her fenceless and forlorn,  
That all who pass, with bitter tone,  
Taunt her, and pluck her grapes in scorn?

The wild boar issuing from the wood,  
Uproots the unprotected tree,  
And beasts of prey, in search of food,  
Strip her fair boughs with savage glee.

Oh ! then, in pity and in love,  
Lord God of hosts ! with eye benign  
Look down, and from thy throne above  
Behold and visit this thy vine.

Behold the place where late it grew,  
Reared by thine own almighty hand ;  
The branch thou didst with strength endue,  
To show thy power through all the land.

But thou didst frown, and by that look  
To swift destruction it was doomed ;  
It perished at thy stern rebuke,  
By sword destroyed, by fire consumed.

Then let thy hand fresh vigour give  
To him, whom first that hand did raise ;  
So shall he not go back, but live,  
And bless thy name with endless praise.

Turn us again, O Lord ! we pray,  
And on our sad and sorrowing soul  
Let thy face shed one cheering ray,  
That we may see it and be whole.





## VERSION OF PSALM XCVI.

---

IN songs of praise unheard before  
Let all the earth the Lord adore ;  
Sing to the Lord and praise his name,  
Tell how from him salvation came ;  
His honour to the heathen show,  
Let the whole earth his wonders know.  
God cannot worthily be praised,  
Above all gods so highly raised ;  
They are but idols, wood and stone,  
The Lord our God is God alone.  
He made the heavens, there saints adore him,  
Glory and worship go before him ;  
Girded with power, with honour crowned,  
God in his holy place is found.

Oh ! then, unto the Lord ascribe,  
Nation and kindred, tongue and tribe,  
The honour due unto his name,  
The service he may justly claim.  
With joy unto his courts repair,  
And, as your gifts you offer there,  
Meet worship to the Lord address,  
In beauty and in holiness.  
Then tell it out, that all may hear,  
And God's eternal name revere ;  
Yea, tell it out, and bid the sound  
Go forth to all the nations round,  
That he is King, and how he made  
The earth, and its foundations laid  
So sure, that they may ne'er remove  
Till that great day, when from above  
In clouds descending he shall come  
To pass on all a righteous doom.  
Be glad, thou earth ; ye heavens, rejoice ;  
Thou sea, send forth thy glorious voice ;  
Forest and field, with one accord  
Rejoice, rejoice before the Lord !

For now is our redemption nigh ;  
E'en now in might and majesty  
He comes, with glory round him spread,  
He comes to judge both quick and dead,  
To heal our woes, our wrongs redress,  
And judge the world in righteousness.



VERSION OF PSALM CXXXIX.

---

OMNISCIENT, omnipresent Power,  
In every place, in every hour  
I own thy sway ; when down I lie,  
And when I rise, thou still art nigh.  
My very thoughts to thee are known  
Ere yet in speech or action shown.

About my path, about my bed,  
The shadow of thy wings is spread ;  
Thy sleepless and all-seeing Eye  
Doth my most secret ways espy ;  
And in an instant every word  
My tongue lets fall, thine Ear hath heard.

How then thy Spirit may I shun,  
Or whither from thy presence run ?  
If, soaring through the realms of air,  
I climb to Heaven, my God is there !  
If down to deepest Hell I go,  
There too thy Spirit rules below !

If I should take the wings of morn,  
And to earth's utmost bounds be borne,  
In lonely isle, or desert plain,  
Escape from Thee would still be vain :  
E'en there thy power would be confest,  
And thy right hand my flight arrest.

Come, night, and hide me ! should I say,  
Straight would the night be turned to day.  
With thee no shades obscure the night,  
The darkness is as clear as light ;  
The midnight gloom, the noon-day sun,  
Darkness and light, to thee are one !

My body, fashioned with such art,  
Such nice design in every part,  
The work of thy Almighty hand,  
Exceeds my skill to understand.  
How to such knowledge may I soar?  
I can but wonder and adore!

When in the womb, like unformed clay,  
My yet imperfect substance lay,  
From Thee my bones were not concealed,  
But every member was revealed.  
E'en then, through nature's hidden plan,  
Thine eye beheld the future man.

How dear to me thy counsels, Lord!  
Who may the sum of them record!  
In number countless as the sand  
Heaped by the billows on the strand!  
E'en from my earliest waking hour  
I feel thy presence and thy power.

Shall not the wicked, Lord, be slain,  
All such as take thy name in vain ?  
Depart from me, ye men of blood,  
Ye that against the Lord have stood,  
Ye scorers of his power divine—  
I hate ye ;—hence ! God's foes are mine.

Then try me, Lord ! prove every part,  
Search all my thoughts, and sound my heart !  
Look well my footsteps do not stray,  
But turn them from the evil way ;  
Nor let me from the true path rove  
That leads to endless joys above !



## PARAPHRASE

OF A PASSAGE IN BISHOP HORNE'S SERMON  
ON THE REDEMPTION OF TIME.

---

THE husbandman with ceaseless toil  
Still labours to improve his soil ;  
When danger's near approach alarms,  
The soldier sleeps not on his arms ;  
When winds and waves are raging round,  
The steersman at his helm is found :  
Each, to the post assigned him true,  
Performs the work he has to do.

But when the heart as yet has known  
No culture, each good plant unsown,  
Or choked with many a noxious weed  
That overtops the nobler seed ;

When now the harvest is at hand,  
And at the gate the reapers stand,  
The Christian husbandman we view  
Sit listless, having nought to do.

When man's worst foes, the world and sin,  
And snares without him and within,  
The fortress of his peace assail,  
And Satan's powers e'en now prevail;  
The Christian soldier we behold  
His arms upon his bosom fold,  
And idly some vain toy pursue,  
For he, forsooth, has nought to do.

When the poor weather-beaten soul  
Is drifting amid rock and shoal,  
Heaven's wrath above, and, far beneath  
The yawning gulf of Hell and death,  
That very hour in sleep or play,  
The Christian steersman dreams away;  
Unconscious, 'mid a thoughtless crew,  
That he or they had aught to do.

Ye senseless fools! — Awake! awake!  
And fatal slumber from you shake!  
Think how their seed-time they employ  
Who hope at last to reap in joy:  
Be strong, and gird you to the fight;  
Be wise, and steer your bark aright;  
Lest ye too late your folly rue,  
And find that you had much to do.



## ON THE EPIPHANY.

SUGGESTED BY THE CONCLUDING PARAGRAPH OF BISHOP HORNE'S  
SERMON FOR THAT FESTIVAL.

---

OBEDIENT to the leading star,  
The Eastern sages came from far,  
Their infant Saviour to adore,  
And at his feet their offerings pour.

For us that star still beams as bright,  
And guides us with its heavenly light,  
Where all who seek him still may find  
The promised Saviour of mankind.

And though nor incense, myrrh, nor gold,  
Be ours to give, as theirs of old,  
Presents as meet we still may bring;  
Nor will He slight the offering.

For faith, like gold that hath been tried  
And in the furnace purified,  
More precious in his sight will shine  
Than richest gifts from Ophir's mine.

To him a tribute far more dear  
Will be the penitential tear  
That dims the contrite sinner's eye,  
Than costliest myrrh of Araby.

Then, like sweet incense, prayer and praise,  
And pure devotion's kindling blaze,  
From the heart's altar shall arise  
The best and holiest sacrifice.

While o'er the soul joy, peace, and love,  
And hope still fixed on things above,  
Their balmy fragrance shed abroad,  
And make it fitter for its God.

## HYMNS

FOR THE CHILDREN OF SANDBACH SUNDAY SCHOOL.

---

### HYMN I.

LORD ! who once, thine arms unfolding,  
    Infants didst receive and bless,  
Us thy children here beholding,  
    Aid—oh ! aid our helplessness.  
Be our refuge and defence,  
Wash our souls in innocence.

Happy they whom thou hast planted,  
    Lord ! thy hallowed courts within ;  
Shelter there alone is granted  
    From a world of woe and sin.  
There, secure from every ill,  
God's own plants shall prosper still.

As the palm-tree by the fountain  
     Heavenward lifts its towering head ;  
 As the cedars of the mountain  
     All around their branches spread ;  
 Such may we, oh Lord ! be found,  
 Flourishing in holy ground.

Through all changes and all chances  
     May our leaf feel no decay,  
 May we still, as age advances,  
     Ampler fruits bring forth each day ;  
 Strengthened still with vigour new,  
 Still refreshed with heavenly dew.

So through life's rude storms defended,  
     All who see us shall confess,  
 He on whom our trust depended  
     Is the God of Righteousness.  
 All with one accord shall own  
 He is God, and He alone.



HYMN II.

---

FATHER ! to thee once more thy children raise,  
For blessings past, their hymn of grateful praise ;  
For future grace once more our prayers ascend ;  
Oh ! be thou still our Father and our Friend !

How dear, oh Lord ! this day of holy rest,  
These courts how lovely, by thy presence blest ;  
Far better here the humblest place to share  
Than dwell in palaces, if sin be there.

'T is here we first were taught thy will to know,  
Trained in those paths wherein our feet should go ;  
Oh ! may we never cease those paths to love  
Which lead to bliss, to endless bliss above !

Yet while as pilgrims here on earth we stray,  
Let thy good Spirit guide us on our way :  
Strengthen the feeble, raise up them that fall,  
Bring back the wanderer, aid and comfort all.

So shall the perils of the world be past,  
And we attain our place of rest at last ;  
Yon realms of peace, yon bright and blest abode,  
Where man shall meet his Saviour and his God.

HYMN III.

---

FAR from the paths of sin,  
Which else he might have trod,  
Blest who, these hallowed walls within,  
Is early brought to God.

He through life's various day,  
Where'er his lot be cast,  
Trained from the first in wisdom's way,  
Shall keep it to the last.

In that shall he abide  
Through sunshine, storm, or shade ;  
God's Holy Spirit for his guide,  
His comfort, and his aid.

That Book of perfect truth  
Which first was taught him here,  
Shall guard him in the morn of youth,  
In age's gloom shall cheer.

And when around his head  
Life's last dim shadows close,  
He shall not fear the grave's dark bed,  
'T was thence his Saviour rose.

HYMN IV.

---

LORD ! who once, from heaven descending,  
Lost mankind didst seek and save,  
Us in our distress befriending,  
Grant the succour which we crave.  
From a sinful world we flee,  
Shepherd of our souls ! to thee.

Israel's Shepherd ! thou wilt lead us  
Comfort's living streams beside ;  
Thou in pastures green wilt feed us,  
And for all our wants provide :  
Happy they who hear thy voice,  
And beneath thy staff rejoice.

From the great destroyer's power,

From the roaring lion's rage,

Seeking whom he may devour,

Lord ! protect our tender age :

Day and night be near us still,

Guarding us from every ill.

From the arts which would allure us,

From the toils that would ensnare,

Thou who slumberest not, secure us

By thy ever watchful care ;

And if e'er from thee we roam,

Fetch, oh ! fetch the wanderers home.

And at last, our perils ended,

Take us to that blessed fold,

Where the flock thou here hast tended

Shall in Heaven thy face behold ;

And with hymns of praise adore

Christ their Shepherd evermore.

## STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY EZEKIEL, CHAP. II. VERSE 10—

“And he spread it before me: and it was written within and without; and there was written therein lamentation, and mourning, and woe.”

---

AND what was the Book which that vision of old  
To the Prophet's rapt spirit did show?  
Wherein to his shuddering sight were unrolled  
Lamentation, and mourning, and woe?

That mysterious roll was the volume of life,  
The story of man here below;  
The record of evil, of passion and strife,  
Lamentation, and mourning, and woe.

Search the chronicle through, each condition and age,  
 Young and old, rich and poor, high and low ;  
 You will still find inscribed upon every dark page  
 Lamentation, and mourning, and woe.

There is poverty, sickness, oppression, and wrong,  
 False friend and insidious foe ;  
 Temptations and trials, resistlessly strong,  
 And their fruit, lamentation and woe.

On the threshold of life, that to trouble we 're born,  
 By our wailings we seem to foreknow ;  
 And childhood's sweet prime, and gay youth's opening morn,  
 Are too often o'erclouded with woe.

Full of hope we set forth, but how quickly doth fate  
 Blast that hope, and our projects o'erthrow ;  
 And conviction comes soon, and remains long and late,  
 That our heritage here is but woe.



Mark the struggles of manhood to weather the gale,  
 When the storms of adversity blow,  
 And the waves of destruction on all sides prevail,  
 And beneath yawns the whirlpool of woe :

Without compass or star the frail vessel is tost  
 On the ocean of life to and fro ;  
 Till on shoal or on rock it is shipwrecked and lost,  
 Amid weeping, and wailing, and woe.

Grant these perils surmounted ; what then is our lot,  
 But with painful decay, sad and slow,  
 To sink to the grave, disregarded, forgot,  
 'Mid infirmity, weakness, and woe.

But riches, and rank, and the pleasures of sense,  
 These can happiness surely bestow !  
 Few and short are the joys which e'en these can dis-  
 pense,  
 And their end, disappointment and woe.

But the bliss which is built on affection and love,  
 May not this be relied on? Ah! no;  
 Too soon shall stern death each dear object remove,  
 And leave us to bitterer woe.

And though there be moments which o'er the dark  
 scene  
 May at times cast a transient glow,  
 Like meteors they pass, and the brightness between  
 But deepens the gloom of our woe.

"Cease, murmurer, cease! hear religion's sweet voice,  
 "Which, whate'er we may here undergo,  
 "Whispers peace to the mourner, and bids him rejoice  
 "In the midst of affliction and woe.

"For the day when in joy we shall reap draweth near,  
 "Though in sorrow awhile we may sow;  
 "When from every face shall be wiped every tear,  
 "And the weary shall rest from his woe.

“Then repent, and repine not; but think on that day

“When the vials of wrath shall o’erflow,

“That for some are reserved, without end or allay,

“Lamentation, and mourning, and woe.”

## SONNET,

ON FIRST TAKING A CHILD TO CHURCH.

---

LORD ! to thy hallowed courts when late I brought  
     My child, to learn how thou wert worshipped there ;  
     And marked him lift his little hands in prayer,  
 And in those holy words thyself first taught,  
 Amid the mingling murmur feebly caught  
     From time to time upon my listening ear,  
     His gentle voice its part spontaneous bear :  
 'T was more than fancy, sure, which waked the thought,  
     The rapturous thought, that in the sacrifice  
 Which then ascended to the throne of grace,  
 My boy's sweet orisons might find a place,  
     And mount like morning incense to the skies :  
 Grateful to Thee, who still dost strength ordain,  
 From childhood's guileless lips, and hearts that know  
     no stain.

## STANZAS.

---

STRETCHED on the restless bed of pain,  
To slow disease a prey,  
Courting reluctant sleep in vain,  
The gentle sufferer lay.

The tedious night was well nigh spent,  
When o'er her weary soul,  
As by some pitying angel sent,  
A balmy slumber stole.

Still by that bed with tender care  
The wakeful mother stayed,  
And poured to Heaven her fervent prayer  
For comfort and for aid.

When, hark ! upon her startled ear,  
Amid the deep repose  
Of that still chamber, soft and clear  
A vocal strain arose.

It was that melody divine,  
In which, at evening hour,  
Their spirits pure the good consign  
To Heaven's protecting power.

Yes ! from those lips, in slumber deep  
Now sealed, the numbers came ;  
As though not e'en the body's sleep  
Could quench devotion's flame.

The mother heard, and knew it well,  
That sweet and solemn air ;  
But sad upon her heart it fell,  
And filled it with despair.

To her of happier days gone by,  
Of health and joy, it spoke,  
And of too faithful memory  
Each thrilling chord awoke.

And then the thought, oft checked in vain,  
Resistless on her rushed,  
How soon the lips which poured that strain  
For ever should be hushed.

With agony it wrung her soul,  
And down her woe-worn cheek  
The scalding tears began to roll,  
Her heart seemed nigh to break.

'T is done ! the dreaded hour is past !  
Fond mother, weep no more !  
Thy child is gone to rest at last,  
Her trial here is o'er.

And now perhaps, a seraph bright,  
She chaunts with saints above,  
As erst on earth was her delight,  
Her hymns of praise and love.



## THE OLD MAN OF VERONA.

TRANSLATED FROM CLAUDIAN.

---

BLEST who beyond his father's fields  
Through life has never cared to roam,  
To whom the self-same roof still yields  
From infancy to age a home.

Whose steps upon that very spot  
Where once he crawled, a staff now bears;  
Fond to retrace of that one cot  
The annals through a hundred years.

In varied quest of distant schemes,  
Him fortune never forced to stray;  
He never drank of unknown streams,  
A restless wanderer far away.

No merchant, whom each swelling sea,  
No soldier, whom each blast of war,  
Fills with alarm ; no lawyer he,  
Vexed with the hoarse and wrangling bar.

In state affairs he boasts no skill,  
What cities are he never knew ;  
Enough that Heaven's blue concave still  
Is free and open to his view.

Others by consuls date the year,  
He by alternate crops computes ;  
He knows 't is spring when flowers appear,  
'T is autumn when he culls his fruits.

One field is his horizon's bound,  
Here dawns the sun, there sets his ray ;  
While by the same unvaried round  
Of toil, he measures every day.

Yon spreading oak's enormous girth  
A slender sapling he has known ;  
Both from one era took their birth,  
And both together old have grown.

Verona's neighbouring town he deems  
Remote as swarthy India's shore ;  
And Guarda's Lake so distant seems,  
Not the Red Sea itself seems more.

Yet hath his vigour time defied,  
Still can his arm in toil engage ;  
While his sons' sons behold with pride  
Their lusty grandsire's green old age.

What then if some, the world to see,  
To far Iberia may have strayed ;  
On earth a longer sojourn he,  
A longer journey they have made.



## THE HARPER AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

TRANSLATED FROM STRADA'S PROLUSSIONES.

---

Now Sol, declining from the noon of day,  
From his bright tresses cast a milder ray,  
When, by the side of gentle Tiber flung,  
His harp, to solace care, a minstrel strung,  
While the dark Ilex and the greenwood shade  
With tangled boughs the sultry hour allayed.  
Him, as it chanced, a Nightingale, that long  
Had charmed the neighbouring copse with matchless  
    song,  
The Siren of the place, but one that meant no wrong,  
O'erheard, and, by the foliage screened, more near  
Approaching, drank each sound with greedy ear;

And to herself, low murmuring, every note  
His fingers struck gave back with mimic throat.  
The mocking strains in turn the Harper heard,  
And straight resolved to give the merry bird  
The sport she seemed to seek : for this his lyre  
He tunes with greater care, and proves each wire ;  
Then o'er the scale he runs with rapid thumb,  
And sounds a prelude to the strife to come.  
Not with less art the bird her voice essays,  
From high to low its compass she displays,  
Through each division running, soft and strong,  
A previous sample of her powers of song.  
Now o'er the frame his arm the minstrel flings,  
With careless air at first he touched the strings,  
And simple measures, regular and slow,  
Seemed struck in scorn of such unequal foe ;  
Then o'er the chords his nimble fingers fly,  
With touch minute, and brilliant harmony,  
Brook no dull pause, but still take up again  
With rapid stroke the ever varying strain.  
He ceased, and Philomel with mimic art  
The measure caught, and echoed every part :

Timid at first, as if from artless throat,  
She slowly drew the long unvaried note,  
While from her breast, in smooth and even tide,  
Her liquid voice spontaneous seemed to glide.  
Then, thickly warbled from her quivering bill,  
In mellow tones she pours the varied trill ;  
Minutely fine her trembling voice sustains,  
And fills the wild woods with responsive strains.  
Marvelled the Minstrel how from pipe so small  
Such sweet, such various melody could fall ;  
A loftier effort of his art he tries,  
And bids the notes alternate fall and rise ;  
Now shrill they pierced the ear, and now they rang  
Beneath his touch with deep sonorous clang ;  
Then in the trumpet's thrilling strains unite,  
Such strains as rouse dull laggards to the fight.  
This too the bird achieves ; first shrill and high  
The liquid music cleaves the vaulted sky ;  
Then on a sudden from her chest profound,  
In deep low murmurs comes the gurgling sound ;  
The notes alternate seem to sink and swell,  
And on the ear like distant bugle fell.

The Harper blushed, half angry, half ashamed ;  
 “ Proud chantress of the woods,” he then exclaimed,  
 “ Either to this thy baffled powers shall yield,  
 “ Or I my harp will break, and quit the field.”  
 He said, and putting forth his utmost pains,  
 Poured on the ear inimitable strains ;  
 With flying fingers swept each sounding wire,  
 And called forth all the music of his lyre.  
 On every chord he labours, and explores  
 Of taste and science all the hidden stores.  
 Now softly sweet the tinkling numbers came ;  
 Now with loud crash resounds the vocal frame ;  
 Now seem his hands in mutual chase to roll,  
 The strain redoubling, till he crowns the whole,  
 As each new effort o’er the last still rose,  
 With one full burst, one grand and glorious close ;  
 Then paused to listen if his rival still  
 Had aught to match this triumph of his skill.  
 But she, impatient to be thus outvied,  
 Though now too long and too severely tried,  
 Her voice began to fail, yet gave not o’er  
 The strife, but summoned for one effort more,  
 Alas ! in vain, those powers too hardly tasked before :



For while the Harper to the contest brings  
The complex harmony of countless strings ;  
She on her mere unaided voice relies,  
And simple nature's untaught energies.  
Unfit to compass her ambitious aim,  
Or of defeat to bear the conscious shame,  
She sinks exhausted by the bitter strife,  
And quits the contest only with her life :  
The victor's harp receives her latest breath,  
A death-bed not unworthy such a death.  
To such brave deeds can emulation fire,  
And little souls with scorn of life inspire !



## ODE,

FROM ANACREON.

---

NATURE, to all her creatures kind,  
Has different gifts to each assigned ;  
Arming, to serve their special need,  
With horns the bull, with hoofs the steed ;  
The lion bold with jays of might ;  
The timid hare with means of flight.  
Then to the scaly brood she gave  
With agile fin to cleave the wave ;  
And to the feathered tribes the skill  
Through air to wing their way at will.  
Man, for his portion, wisdom gained ;  
And nothing, as it seemed, remained

Which Heaven on woman could confer.  
And was there then no boon for her ?  
Yes, beauty ! 'tis her spear and shield.  
E'en fire and sword themselves must yield  
In power to her, whom Nature arms  
With beauty's all-subduing charms.

## ODE,

FROM ANACREON.

---

'T WAS midnight, and with toil opprest,  
The tribes of men were sunk to rest,  
And slowly round Boötes turning,  
The Bear's bright sign in heaven was burning;  
When at my door, fast barred and locked,  
Love, then a stranger, stood and knocked.  
"Who art thou," I exclaimed, "so late  
"Thus rudely knocking at my gate?  
"Thou break'st my slumbers with thy din!"  
"Open your door, and take me in,"  
Replied a voice in accents mild;  
"Be not afraid, 'tis but a child,  
"Who, drenched with rain, and forced to stray  
"Through the dark night, has lost his way."

To pity moved by this appeal,  
 Instant I rose with kindly zeal,  
 And lit my lamp, and oped my door ;  
 When, lo ! a child, but one who bore  
 Quiver and bow, and seemed to wear  
 Wings at his back, stood shivering there.  
 I placed him by my hearth's warm stone,  
 And his numbed hands within my own  
 Began to chafe, and then to strain  
 From his drenched locks the streaming rain.  
 At length, recovering from the cold,  
 The urchin by degrees grew bold ;  
 " And now," quoth he, " I fain would know  
 " Whether the rain has hurt my bow ;  
 " Let's try the string." With practised art  
 He drew it, and a whizzing dart  
 Struck like a gad-fly on my heart. }  
 Then up he sprang with chuckling glee,  
 " Rejoice, my friend," he cried, " with me ;  
 " Safe and uninjured is my bow,  
 " Your smarting heart may tell you so."

## THE STORY OF COUNT UGOLINO.

TRANSLATED FROM DANTE.—INFERNO, CANTO XXXIII.

---

FROM his foul feast that sinner raised his head,  
And wiped his blood-stained lips upon the hair  
Which crowned the mangled scalp on which he fed.  
“Wouldst thou renew that anguish and despair,”  
He cried, “which but to think on makes me quail,  
“Ere yet my tongue the dreadful truth declare?  
“Yet, could I hope my words would aught avail  
“This traitorous wretch with infamy to brand,  
“Despite my struggling tears I’d tell my tale.  
“I know not who thou art, nor understand  
“How to this place thou cam’st, but if aright  
“I hear, fair Florence is thy native land.  
“Know then that I, Count Ugolino hight,

- " This he who late the Church of Pisa swayed :  
 " Why now such bitter foes, I will recite.—  
 " How by his wicked arts I was betrayed,  
 " And my own misplaced confidence, then died  
 " His captive, all men know, nor need be said.  
 " But that which mystery still and darkness hide,  
 " The horrors of that death which I endured,  
 " Hear ! and if causeless be my hate, decide.  
 " Through the small grate whose bars that cell secured,  
 " Which shall from me the name of Famine gain,  
 " Where many a victim yet shall be immured ;  
 " Oft had I watched the pale moon wax and wane ;  
 " When a dire dream the veil of fate withdrew,  
 " And shewed the fearful future all too plain.  
 " This man, so dreamed I, did a wolf pursue  
 " And his poor cubs, e'en to that mountain's base  
 " Which shuts out Lucca from the Pisan's view.  
 " Gaunt were his hounds and keen, of noble race,  
 " Gualandi and Sismondi, and with these  
 " Lanfranch', were foremost in the cruel chase.  
 " Their rage in vain the hunted father flees,  
 " In vain the sons ; they soon o'ertake their prey,  
 " And on their flank with fang remorseless seize.



- " With horror I awoke ere yet 'twas day,  
 " And heard my children, from their troubled sleep,  
 (" For with me there immured my children lay,)  
 " Demanding bread. If thou a dry eye keep,  
 " Yet think the while on all that then assailed  
 " My boding heart ; say, what can make thee weep ?  
 " They woke, and now the hour which ne'er had failed  
 " To bring us food, drew nigh. Strange doubt and  
 dread  
 " Came over each, so strong our dreams prevailed.  
 " But when the door which to our turret led  
 " I heard fast locked, with stedfast gaze I eyed  
 " My children's looks, but not a word I said.  
 " I wept not, for my soul was petrified ;  
 " But they did weep, and ' Oh ! my father, why,  
 " ' Why look'st thou so,' my dear Anselmo cried :  
 " Yet did I shed no tear, nor make reply.  
 " So passed the dreadful day, and so the night,  
 " Until the sun again in heaven was high.  
 " Then, when my cell a ray of struggling light  
 " Had entered, and my own dire looks I saw  
 " Given back from four sad aspects to my sight,  
 " My hands with anguish I began to gnaw ;

" Which they, misdeeming hunger's shameless deed,  
 " Started in horror from their bed of straw,  
 " And cried, ' On us, dear father, wouldst thou feed,  
 " ' Less grief it were. With flesh thou didst invest  
 " ' These wretched limbs; now strip them in thy  
 need."

" To soothe their feelings, I my own suppressed;  
 " Two days we stood in speechless agony;  
 " Oh! that the earth had yawned, and spared the  
 rest!

" But when the fourth morn came, with feeble cry  
 " His body at my feet poor Gaddo threw,  
 " Exclaiming, ' Help me, father, or I die!'

" And then expired. As plain as me you view,  
 " I saw them all fall senseless one by one,  
 " Ere yet the sixth day dawned. Then blind I grew,  
 " And two days more the corpse of each dear son  
 " With groping arms I felt, and called by name.  
 " Till at the last, what grief had left undone,  
 " Famine achieved; and death in pity came."

THE APPROACH OF THE CRUSADERS TO  
THE HOLY CITY.

TRANSLATED FROM TASSO'S JERUSALEM, CANTO III.

---

1.

AND now the breeze, swift harbinger of day,  
Awakening, had announced the coming morn,  
Whose golden tresses dripping from the spray,  
Fresh roses, culled in Paradise, adorn.  
When from the camp, ere yet the trumpet's bray  
To arms had summoned, busy sounds were borne  
Of preparation ; then the clarions woke,  
And in clear tones their joyful signal spoke.

## 2.

Wise Godfrey sought with gentle hand to guide  
That fiery ardour, which to check was vain ;  
As soon might he control the boiling tide  
Which round Charybdis roars ; as soon restrain  
The storm which lashes Appennine's bleak side,  
And whelms the bark beneath the foaming main.  
His ranks he marshals, and his march arrays,  
And one sole will each eager movement sways.

## 3.

With wings, each foot, each bosom, zeal supplies ;  
While, of their speed unconscious, on they bound.  
But when the sun had climbed the middle skies,  
Cleaving with fervid ray the arid ground,  
Jerusalem the straining eye espies !  
And emulous from every rank around,  
Jerusalem ! a thousand hands point out ;  
Jerusalem ! a thousand voices shout.

## 4.

So when some daring and adventurous crew,  
    In quest of foreign regions spread the sail,  
And long through seas unknown their way pursue,  
    Struggling with treacherous wave, and adverse gale:  
If the long looked for land at last they view,  
    With joyful cry from far the place they hail ;  
And each to other pointing out the shore,  
Their perils past remember now no more.

## 5.

Such through the Christian host the joy which spread,  
    With such sweet transports every bosom glows :  
But soon these raptures passed, and in their stead  
    Contrition deep, and pious awe arose.  
Now towards yon place they scarce dare lift the head,  
    Which Jesus for his earthly dwelling chose ;  
These too for man, himself to death he gave,  
There rose again triumphant o'er the grave.

## 6.

Low muttered sounds, and voices half suppressed,  
And quick convulsive sobs, and mournful sighs,  
Betray the deep emotions of each breast,  
And on the air in mingled murmurs rise.  
So through some tangled wood, the breathing west  
Amid the whispering foliage swells and dies ;  
So on the jutting cliffs, and shelving shore,  
In deep hoarse tone the sullen breakers roar.

## 7.

With naked foot the holy ground they pressed,  
Each by example of his chieftain led.  
Gay silk, and gorgeous gold, tall plume and crest,  
They cast with lowly reverence from their head.  
No less from secret pride did they divest  
Their inward thoughts, and tears of anguish shed ;  
And yet, as if their hearts to mourn refused,  
With keen reproach themselves they thus accused.

## 8.

“ What, even here, where thine own precious blood,  
In ample stream, thou, Lord ! for me didst spill ;  
Shall I of tears begrudge a scantier flood,  
And shall my frozen heart, unsoftened still  
By pregnant memory, keep its stubborn mood,  
Nor through mine eyes in bitter drops distil !  
Melt, melt, my flinty soul, while yet you may,  
Eternal sorrow flee, and weep to-day ! ”





## ODE TO DEAFNESS.

---

FELL tyrant of the human head,  
Relax thy rigid chain,  
That holds fast bound in link of lead,  
At once my ear and brain !  
To brute stupidity allied,  
Sure Deafness thou wert born of Pride ;  
'T was she, I ween, that doomed the fall  
Of lank locks puritanical ;  
Thought curls, forsooth, too priggish, wigs too grave ;  
Then with unsparing shears  
Laid bare her votaries' ears,  
And robbed them of the shield which prudent Nature  
gave.

Say, Deafness ! by what magic sleight  
     Thou steal'st away our sense,  
 And at the mind's best entrance quite  
     Shut'st out intelligence.  
 Do unseen gnomes at thy command  
 At the ears' portals take their stand,  
 And as they watch the concave round  
 Intercept the coming sound ?  
 Or waxen globules, packed in close array,  
     As vulgar quacks pretend,  
     Their viscous influence blend,  
 Obstruct the expected voice, and clog it on its way ?

Or say, quick summoned to thy aid,  
     Do noxious vapours come,  
 And as each fibre they pervade  
     Unbrace the tympanum ?  
 Or frosts, obedient to thy call,  
 The auditory nerves enthrall ;  
 Or the rude winds, whistling by,  
 Spoil the nice machinery ;

Or damps collected through each secret pore,  
 As inwardly they gush,  
 In wild confusion rush,  
 Hiss through the troubled head, and like a cataract  
 roar ?

Oh Deafness ! whencesoe'er thy power,  
 Whate'er thy secret be,  
 Restore me to the social hour,  
 Clear sense, and converse free ;  
 And take again the moping mood,  
 The tale, the jest half understood ;  
 The misplaced laugh, the unmeaning eye,  
 The question cross, the wrong reply,  
 Shouts spent in air, and repetitions vain : —  
 Fell tyrant of the head,  
 Relax thy link of lead,  
 And give to liberty my captive soul again.



## TO MY TOOTH.

---

FAREWELL, my Tooth!—but oh! ere yet we part,  
Vile as thou seem'st, and useless as thou art,  
I pause to think, though thy brief course be run  
And mine still lasts, how lately we were one.  
Bone of my bone, whate'er to thee gave pain  
Glanced like an arrow darting through my brain,  
Each nerve with sympathetic anguish thrilled,  
And all my shuddering frame with horror filled.  
Bitter or sweet, through thrice three years of life  
One common lot we had, like man and wife;  
At the same board, at home, abroad we fed,  
The costly banquet shared, or daily bread.

But ah ! nor daily bread, nor banquet rare,  
 Henceforth with me, good grinder, shalt thou share.  
 For thee no more the savoury haunch shall smoke,  
 Nor tempting turtle thy dull sense provoke ;  
 No more, oh ! bliss ecstatic ! shalt thou lie  
 In partridge wing engulfed, or woodcock's thigh ;  
 No more shalt water, as when erst in reach  
 Glowed the rich nectarine, or alluring peach ;  
 But, all thy revels o'er, thyself be cast,  
 A dainty morsel, to the worm at last.

But even-handed Justice why arraign ?  
 If dead to pleasure, thou art dead to pain.  
 Thee from keen blasts thy fate shall now preserve,  
 And the cold stream, poured heedless on thy nerve :  
 Ne'er shalt thou feel sharp springes through thee shoot,  
 Nor the fierce throb, still tugging at thy root ;  
 From hostile hand receive no buffet rude,  
 Nor, set on edge, resent the codling crude ;  
 Nor mid plum pudding, too securely rash,  
 Against some lurking pebble blindly dash,

As ships in unknown seas, with sudden shock,  
Strike, split, and foundered on some hidden rock.

But thou, my Tooth, no fatal violence,  
Seen or unseen, untimely hurried hence,  
Whether some parent fond, to thwart thee loth,  
With cankering sweetmeats sapped thy early growth;  
Or whether, as with all things else on earth,  
Corruption's seeds sprang with thee at thy birth,  
Like some fair maid, consumption's lingering prey,  
Long had I marked thee waste by slow decay.  
Then ineffectual proved all human skill  
To stay the progress of the growing ill;  
Vain each nice art to great Ruspini known,  
Vain e'en thy magic waters, famed Cologne;  
Then cures infallible mendacious failed,  
Nor powders, drops, nor essences availed,  
Nor antiseptic nor narcotic drug,  
Nor that great last resource, the golden plug;—  
The golden plug awhile prolonged thy date,  
But gold itself must yield at last to Fate;

Fate ! before whom e'en mightiest monarchs bow,  
 Then why lament ? Ah ! well, my Tooth, might'st thou.

Yet did my fostering care through many a year  
 Preserve thee still, in weakness doubly dear :  
 As mothers love their sickliest children most,  
 Of those less tender who more vigour boast.  
 What though thy feeble frame I might not trust  
 In dubious conflict with some veteran crust,  
 Or the brown nut, impregnable of shell,  
 Yet still, my honest stump, thou serv'dst me well,  
 The lighter labours of the board didst share,  
 And what thou could'st wert zealous still to bear.  
 But swifter now thy wasting powers decayed,  
 Loose, and more loose, the nodding ruin swayed.  
 Yet did no terrors on thy fall attend,  
 Nor racking pains prognosticate thy end ;  
 No lancet marked the place with hideous gash,  
 Nor torturing iron, with convulsive crash,  
 And horrid wrench, and agonizing pang,  
 Writhed from its socket thy tenacious fang ;



Nor gaping wound proclaimed, nor streaming gore,  
Nor mangled jaw, the bloody business o'er.  
'Twixt my forefinger pressed and gentle thumb,  
Thou kindly partedst from the yielding gum ;  
The unconscious tongue scarce found the vacant spot,  
Nor knew the world, till now, that thou art not.













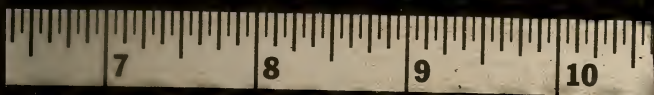
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